

gospel is the only gospel. And the person who attends church for any reason less serious than that for which churches were founded, can get all the timely things he wants or needs outside the sacred edifice. And there is another thought. "*Timely things*"—the whole system out of which has evolved what we call sensational preaching—is but a pass-time after all. It does very well in the sunshine. It is agreeable when seas are smooth and sorrow is unknown. It feeds a passing want when the arm of man is strong enough; when there is no sickness; when peril is far away. But in the hour of extremity the human heart longs for the old religion, the genuine religion, the faith of sincere devotees. It is all very well to take a "Board of Trade" failure for a text when the winds are attuned to laughter. But when a nation aroused sets its armies afield, when the hospitals are behind and the trenches ahead, when "The angel of death spreads his wings on the blast"—when man stands face to face with the mighty problems of time and eternity it is time to give him essentials. He is no coward. It does not prove that his spirit is small. It establishes his manhood and his sense. Life is earnest and toys are not needed. Possibly the new things have too large a vogue. Possibly the old gospel would be just as welcome in the church as to the boys in the field."

I read this aboard the cars one early Monday morning. I said God be thanked that the world has come to this. The editorial was an inspiration to me. I reproduce it, without comment, in the hope that it may prove an inspiration to others. The old gospel has yet its friends. The world is not tired of hearing it. May these words and such as these inaugurate a new era of gospel preaching.

Notes at Random

The *Epworth Herald* says: "There has been a decided increase in the attendance of young men at church since the organization of Christian Endeavor Societies, the Epworth League, and other kindred organizations."

Dr. McKenzie says that "the American who does not believe in Foreign Missions denies his ancestry, his country and his God."

Much is being said and written just now about the heroes and the heroines of the Spanish-American War. We have all been made familiar with Hobson, Clara Barton and others. But there is another whose work should engage our thought. I refer to Miss Helen Gould. I believe that when her services and gifts become generally known all America will be proud of her. And not only because of her great gifts to provide for our disabled troops, but because "of her simple womanliness and the spirit with which she has entered into the work of relief."

The *Times Herald* in speaking of her says: "At a time when the average woman of wealth is at the sea-side on her country seat, her mind engrossed with social conquest or the frivolities of fashion, Helen Gould has remained where she could be of most service

to her country and its defenders. Her gifts of money have been commensurate with her fortune, but she has not been content with mere giving; she has worked and planned and contributed in hundreds of ways by personal effort to the comfort of the soldiers in health, and the care of those that are ill."

Much should be made of her gifts and services. Not for her sake, however, but because of the influence it will have upon other persons of wealth. America is wealthy but our wealth needs to be Christianized. She also teaches us how to begin. With her gifts she gave herself. "The gift without the giver is bare." Not many can give money as can Miss Gould; but we can each give ourselves. And this is the most important after all. Have you read "The Vision of Sir Launfal?" If not read it now, in connection with Miss Gould's work and I am sure it will help you to appreciate her work and inspire you "as much as in you lieth" to do likewise.

W. D. FURRY.

BEARING OUR TRIALS

LOUIS S. BAUMAN

When Jesus was on His memorable journey toward Jerusalem, the apostles of Jesus thought "that the kingdom of God should immediately appear." To correct this wrong impression, the Savior spake the parable of the pounds. The apostles had yet to learn a great Christian truth which it were well for us all to know, and that is this: *The path which leads to the crown goes by the cross.* As the years rolled by they learned this lesson, for to one and all came the cross with its agony, its sponge of bitterness, and its hours of darkness. And, sooner or later, dear brethren, we, too, will learn what it means to go by the cross, if we faithfully follow our Master. The great Sculptor will have to hew and chisel us, before He can bring out the beauty and form of His own glorious image. A dagger for the heart of Abraham, a pit and bondage for Joseph, poverty and affliction for Job, a dungeon for Jeremiah, a den of lions for Daniel, a prison-cell for Peter and John, a lash for the bare back of Paul—for you and for me, I know not what, dear friends, but may God make us strong for the trials, which if nobly borne, will surely beautify our lives and lift us nearer to Him.

But, when they come, how best can we bear them? First, dear Christian, let me beg of you to realize that upon *His* dear children, God permits no trial to come except for a divine purpose. Our trials, if borne courageously, will surely make those about us better. Knowing this, we will lose the sense of their weight in our joy. A little girl carrying a little tot of a boy along on her back was asked by a stranger if the little fellow were not heavy. "O no," said she, "he's my little brother." O what a difference it makes *in the weight*, when we know that our trials are the means of sustaining and encouraging a brother. And they always do if we bear them cheerfully.

Within a block and a half of my home, where I am now writing, lies a dear brother in Christ upon a bed of affliction from which he can never arise to health. Dread consumption has laid its bony grasp upon him. There he has lain for six long weeks and may have to lay for weeks to come. Yet, never once has he murmured or complained, but rejoices continually, for God is good. A sister said to me, "O what a lesson for us. God help us to complain less and to trust more." Upon his bed with scarcely strength to speak, he is preaching the grandest of sermons. It is the climax to a life that has been one continual sermon. How God can use our trials for His glory, if we permit Him.

And let us realize that *we, ourselves*, are made stronger and better by our trials. "Kites rise against, not with the wind." "It is the north-wind that lashes men into Vikings; it is the soft, luscious south-wind which lulls them into dreams." One time in Springfield, Ill., I visited a very beautiful green-house, where were many beautiful but tender looking plants. The soft sunshine poured down thro the heavy glass that protected them from the breezes which would soon topple them over could it blow upon them. As I stepped out of the door a cloud rolled from out the West, and a fierce gale was soon twisting and lashing a big oak near me, and this thought came to me: Oaks don't grow in flower-pots. Young man and woman, the giant oaks that withstand the storm and twist and twirl of this life below, don't grow in flower-pots, but from the acorn, rear themselves amid the trials of life.

In a gallery in Chicago, I once saw a painting upon which few visitors gazed except thro their tears. Then said I, "It is only some one who has dashed his grief upon the canvas." I stood in an auditorium and heard a sweet, sad song. Every heart was touched. They said, "She sings as an angel would sing." Then said I, "But under it all is a broken heart." I stood in a courtroom and heard a wonderful touching plea in defense of a poor and oppressed man. They said, "Was ever argument so pathetic, so masterly and convincing heard before?" Then said I, "Look upon his neck and you will find the old scars of a yoke." And it was so. Let us open our eyes to the future, and we will count our trials not as burdens but as blessings. "What are these which are arrayed in white robes and whence came they?" "These are they which came out of *great tribulation*, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Again I would say, be cheerful. If clouds come, know this—"The sunshine always chases the shadow." Some people are always on the black side of the cloud. Others are always on the bright side. "You are on the shady side of seventy I expect," was remarked to an elderly gentleman. "O no," was the reply, "I am on the sunny side, for I am on the side next to glory." Keep in the sunshine. The homely old motto, "Grin